

## JIM'S SISTER

The doctor had made his last visit | for the night and the nurse was left alone with her nationt-a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving.

He had been as self-willed in his illness as a spoiled child. He had almost convalescent against all warning-while the day nurse was chatting with the doctorhe had staggered from his bed to a basket of fruit on the table and eaten two peaches before he was seen. The result was a relapse into a far more critical condition than he had been at first. Here he lay now, struggling against death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him-or a sweetheart?-who had been sending him these baskets of fruit.

He was breathing regularly in a fitful doze. She returned to her chair agd leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand.

Although she was not aware of it he had changed for her; from being a "case" he had become a human being with a claim of interest on her, and she frowned at his muttering of pain. Poor fellow! Life must have been so full for him of interests, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end this way, futilely! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled panting ing for the return of "Nurse Blakely," through a football game. And once with an impatience which he might he had been standing on the platform have recognized as longing i of debate. And another time he had been writing an examination in law. And still another time she thought that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious mutterings.

Jim was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at that old, tear-stained memory of Jim and her father drowned together in that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon-as soon as she was graduated from the hospitalshe would be not only self-supporting



Stood looking down at him.

but an aid to others. \* \* \* There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She bit her lip.

The untiring run and babble of his delirium had been growing louder. She went to him again to calm him with the sound of her voice, and he looked up at her with a smile that seemed almost rational. It was only momentary; he called her "Auntie," and began a childish prattle.

"I'm not seepy," he said. "I don't want to go to bed, Auntle," and tried to raise his head from the pillow.

She took her cue from him, "Yes, you are," she cooed. "Go seepey-bye. Auntie'll tuck you in." She arranged his blankets about his shoulders, patting and smoothing them down.

"Night-night," he said, contentedly. 'Kiss me night-night."

She touched his forehead with her finger tips.

"Kiss me," he demanded. "Kiss a night-night," and struggled to free his arms from the covering.

'Ssh," she said, and bent down to him. The linen screen at the foot of the bed hid her from anyone who might pass in the hall. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Nightnight," she whispered.

He looked at her with a childish smile pouting his lips. It hardened slowly into a pursed mouth of perplexity. "Hello, old man," he said, -." He closed his eyes on Where a frown.

She was still blushing hotly when his regular breathing showed her that he had fallen into a quiet slum-

He was sitting in his armchairtaking a sun bath at the window that looked out on the dazzling white of melting snows. His visitors had just left him, at his doctor's orders. He was waitphysical weakness had not disguised affection in him as an irritable lack of what he wished to have. came in light-footed.

He crowed a feeble "Ah-ha! Did you hear what the doctor said?"

"What did he say?" she arranged the pillows to ease the strain on a weak back. He was grateful for that and his gratitude shone in his smile. "I'm to be humored, the doctor

said; I'm to have my own way in everything." "Are you?" she said, avoiding his

eyes. "You certainly had your own way about the fruit.'

He laughed now at the folly that had kept him a happy prisoner in the hospital for the past nine weeks. "That fruit!" he said, "that was the most delicious-the most-. Do you know, Nurse Blakely, I thought those peaches would kill me, but I was dying for something to eat-and I just took them." She did not reply. 'A man's a fool when he has a fever, isn't he?" he added with apologetic seriousness.

"Only then?" she retorted with

obstinate flippancy. She was busying herself about the room. He was watching her every movement with an eye of an invalid tenderness. "Oh, I say," he protested, "you don't make any allowance for a fellow being ill!"

She did not answer. She smiled, having warded off the danger which his milder manner had warned her of. She seated herself in a chair and took up a book which she had put down on the table when his visitors had entered.

"What's that?" he demanded peev-

ishly. "What are you reading?" "One Hundred Don'ts for Nurses," she read from the cover. "Things

we are not to do." "Well, don't worry. Your sins have been all of omission. It's the things you haven't done--- "She smiled serenely at the page.

"You might read it out at least," he said.

"Let me see." She turned the pages. "I think that is probably included in the prohibitions. Don't let New York Times.

there know the secrets of the profes-

He clutched the arms of the chair. You're teasing me. Let me read that book or I'll get up."

She laughed and passed it to him. He began to read: "Don't sit in a rocking chair and rock while resting." "Don't injure the furniture in any way and be careful of all fancy decorations." He looked about him. "The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment." He read again. "Well, great Ell!" he cried, and looked up at her. "Why, it was you!"

"What was?"

"Come here, please,"

She went to him. He pointed with a thin finger at an accusing "Don't kiss your patient."

She flusned under her dainty Swiss "Not even delirious patients?" he

inquired. She turned her back on him from the window.

"Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could find nothing to say.

"Do you know," he said, "I've been puzzled over it ever since. It was just before I fell asleep and woke up in my senses again. At first I thought it was my aunt who brought me up, and then suddenly I thought it was an old chum of mine at college. You look very like him. Why, your names are the same. Was Jim Blakely a relative of yours? He was drowned-

She turned on him with a cry of brother."

"Good Lord," he gasped, and tried to rise. He sank back weakly in his chair and sat there staring at her. What a chump I am," he said at last. "So you're little Marjorie." He remembered Jim's picture of her in his den. "How proud he was of you." The thought of her position there came to aim in a shameful contrast. What a brute I've been," he said, and what an angel you've been here. To let you wait on me hand and foot like that. What a brute. Jim's sis-

Her back was to him. She stood looking out of the window. Her hand was within his reach, and he took it. "Do you think," he said, "being Jim's chum, you could—" He touched his lips to the palm of her hand-"forgive me? Could you?" It



"Nurse," he said, "you're the best friend I ever had."

was his old teasing tone with a new note of seriousness in it.

She tried to free her fingers, "Take care now," he warned, "the doctor said I was to be humored."

She laughed and that weakened her defenses. He caught her other hand. You're a brick, Marjorie," he said.
"Let me go," she said sobbing. "I

-I want to wipe my eyes, you silly." Her tone was itself a marrender. Ha lay back and smiled with content into her wet eyes.-Utica Globe.

Wanted Her Share of Love. George Francis Train sat one spring morning in Union square, as was his custom, surrounded by children to whom, contrary to his attitude toward adults, he was always affable and agreeable. On the outside of the group surrounding Mr. Train stood a small colored girl looking wistfully at the white children who were receiving all his attention and hearing his wonderful tales. After they had dispersed and Mr. Train was alone, the black child advanced timidly and said to him:

"Do you love children?"

Looking at his questioner in some surprise, he admitted that he did. Then in a low voice she said:

"I am a child."-New York Times.

His Faulty Imagination. The discussion of the fate of the Peter Marie miniatures recalls a story. A miniature painter of more social than artistic persuasion called upon Mr. Marie and turned the conversation upon his talent, knowing that his nost heartily disliked per-

sonalities. "I can't imagine why I don't succeed, Mr. Marie," said he. "I have plenty of imagination. Don't you think so?"

"Yes. Plenty! For instance, you imagine you can paint mi 'atures."

TIRED BACKS.

Come to all who overtax the kidneys.

Don't neglect the aching back. Many dan-

gerous kidney troubles follow in its wake. Mrs. C. B. Pare of Co-

lumbia avenue, Glasgow, Kentucky, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent brick manufacturer of that city, says: When Doan's Kidney Pills were first brought to my attention I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides the bad back which usually results from kidney complaints, I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound

and I feel much better in every way. A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Pare will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Around the World in Forty Days.

It is now possible to go around the world by regular trains and steamers in forty days. Consul Miller at Nieuchwang, China, has sent to the State Department a report in which he says that the Siberian railway on February 18th began direct through train service from Moscow to Dainy, says the Chicago Record. "The train, he states, "is scheduled to reach Dalny in thirteen and one-half days. At Dalny two steamers of modern construction, with all the latest improvements for the comfort of travelers, will meet this train and sail immediately, one direct to Nagasaki, Japan, and the other to Shanghai, the time being thirty six and forty-eight hours, respectively, thus making the time from Moscow to Japan fifteen days and to Shang-hal fifteen and one-half days." For the present these trains are run once a week, but the service will soon be increased to twice a week. A journey around the earth can now be made on the following schedule: Chicago to New York, one day; New York to London, six days; London to Moscow three days; Moscow to Nagasaki, fif-teen days; Nagasaki to Vancouver, twelve days; Vancouver to Chicago, three days. Total, forty days.

What Becomes of College Men.

About thirty per cent, of the living graduates and former students of the University of Michigan are permanently settled within the limits of the state of Michigan, and about seventy per cent. are scattered throughout the mainder of the world. More than ninety-seven per cent. are residents of the states, territories, and possessions of the United States, and over sixty per cent, are in the five states, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Indiana. About twenty-three per cent. of the entire number live in the states west of the Mississippi river, and about seventy-three per cent, in the states east of that river. More than seventy-five per cent. live in cities and villages, and less than twenty-ave per cent. in the rural districts.

The alumni records of the University of Michigan give the addresses of 21,-843 graduates and former students This number does not include the class of 1902.

Governor Peabody's Irony.

Something of gentle irony is manifest in the invitation which Governor Peabody of Colorado has issued to the reception and entertainment committees at St. Louis to call and take tea with him at the Southern hotel. The governor explains that, although he was invited to the dedication ceremonies by these bodies, he has not seen or heard of them since his arrival in St. Louis and suggests that they might like to make his acquaintance. This is not at all bad for a governor.-Chicago Chronicle.

Laundering the Baby's Clothes.

Many mothers are ignorant of the serious injury that may result from washing the clothing of an infant with strong washing powders and impure soap. For this reason it should be laundered at home under the mother's directions and only Ivery somp used. To throw the little garments into the ordinary wash shows great carelessness .- E. R. Parker.

"Why, George, what an enormous pile of letters," exclaimed the bride of a week, "Billets doux, I suppose," "No, my dear," replied the other half of the sketch. "They are billies overdue."

All Up to Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because ft is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

Though you were to select the greatest man that ever lived a little piece of per-forated tin that is used to rub nutmegs on would still be a grater.

The secret of the popularity of Baxter's "Bullhead" 5-cent cigar is revealed in one word-"Quality."

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Denver Directory.

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